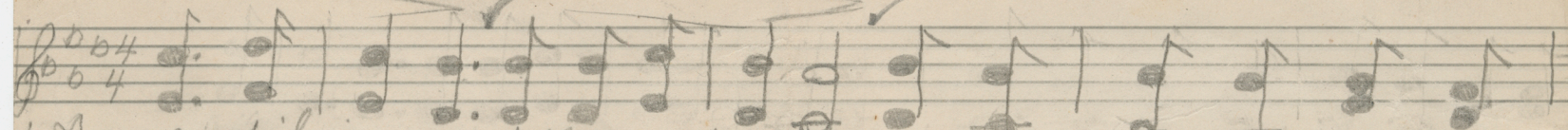
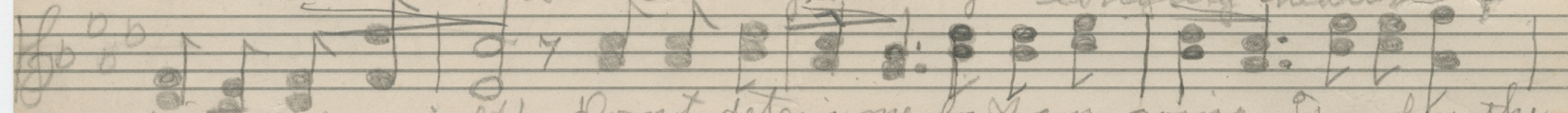


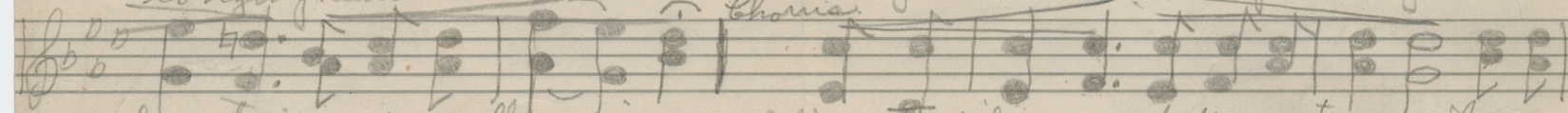
## I'm a Pilgrim.



1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can
2. Of that City, to which I journey, My Redeemer, my Re-
3. There the sunbeams are ever shining, O my longing heart, my

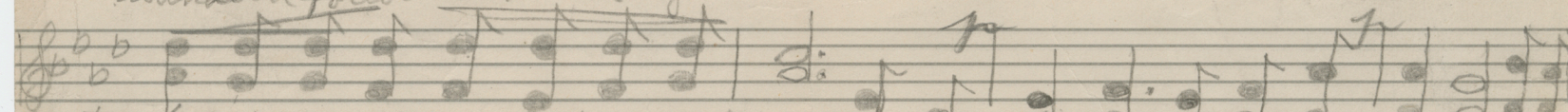


tarry but a night! Do not detain me, for I am going, O where the  
 Deceiver is the Light; There is no sorrow, nor any sighing, nor any  
 longing heart is there; Here in this country, so dark and dreary, I long have

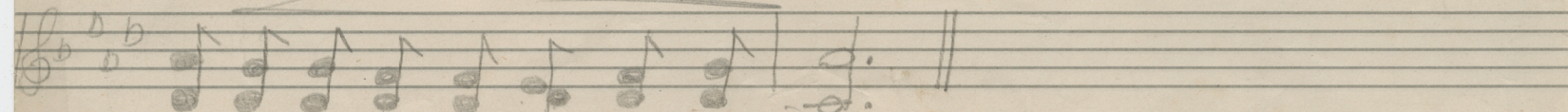


fountains are ever flowing;  
 tears there, nor any dying,  
 wandered forlorn and weeping.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, I can



tarry, I can tarry but a night! I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, I can



tarry, I can tarry but a night!



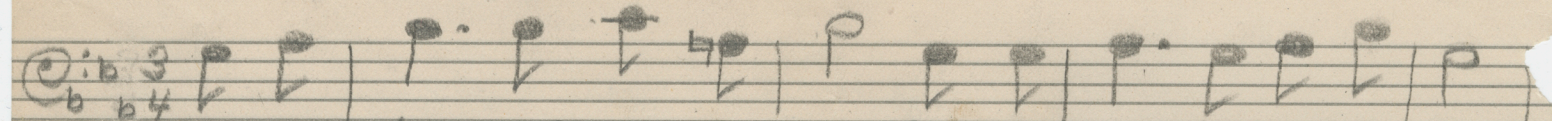




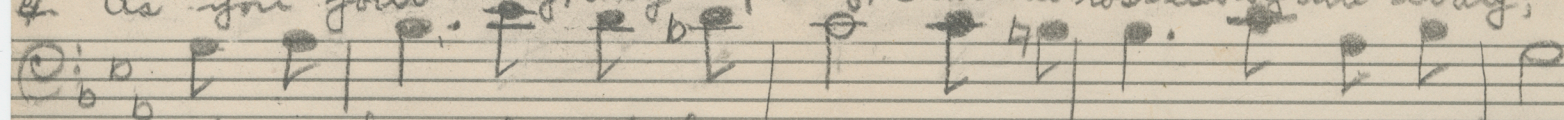
Tenor

# Thorns and Roses

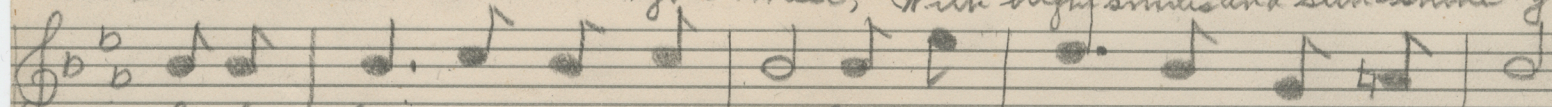
[90-001] 3



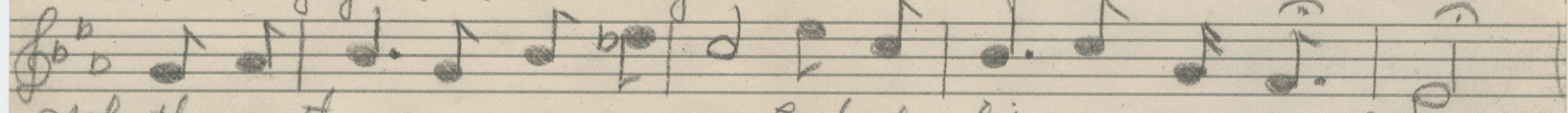
1. We as pilgrims journey on, Ever toward the setting sun
2. Yellow trav-el-ers we meet, Some with kindly smiles will greet
4. As you jour-ney, day by day, Scatter ros-es by the way;



Sometimes thorns be-set the way, Sometimes ros-es bless the day;  
 Oth-ers frown-ing at their doom, Leave be-hind a shade of gloom;  
 And the trav-el-ers you meet, With bright smiles and sun-shine greet:



Whether thorns or roses come, Each day brings us near-er home;  
 Whether smiles or roses come, Each day brings us near-er home;  
 For the joy to oth-ers giv'n Is one key that un-locks heav'n;



Wheth-er thorns or roses come, Each day brings us nearer home.  
 Wheth-er smiles or roses come, Each day brings us nearer home.  
 For the joy to oth-ers giv'n Is one key that un-locks heav'n.







# Thorns and Roses.

[90-001]

1. We as pil-grims jour-nay on Ev-er toward the set-ting sun;  
 2. To el-low trav-el-ers we meet. Some with kind-ly smiles will greet;  
 4. As you jour-nay, day by day, Seat-ter ros-es by the way;

Some-times thorns be-set the way, Some-times ros-es bless the day;  
 Oth-ers, from-ming at their door, Leave be-hind a shade of gloom;  
 And the trav-el-ers you meet, With bright smiles and sun-shine greet;

Wheth-er thorns or ros-es come, Each day brings us near-er home.  
 Wheth-er smiles, or ros-es come, Each day brings us near-er home.  
 For the joy to oth-ers giv'n Is one key that un-locks heav'n.

Wheth-er thorns or ros-es come, Each day brings us near-er home.  
 Wheth-er smiles, or ros-es come, Each day brings us near-er home.  
 For the joy to oth-ers giv'n Is one key that un-locks heav'n.







# A Message of Love.

[90-001] 7

1. There came to my heart a sweet mes-sage of love, when I was for-sak-en and  
 2. How sweet was the mes-sage that came to my heart, and filled me with sun-shine and  
 3. And since I am His, and I know He is mine, how sweet is the peace He has

sad; It came from a-love like a heav-en-ly dove. It had me re-joice and in  
 song; My hope did abound when the Sav-ior I found; I think of Him all the day  
 giv-ing! From morning till night He's my joy and de-light, A bless-ed as-sur-ance of

glad; New cour-age a-rose in my soul when I heard of One who deliv-er-ance would  
 bring; And fol-low-ing close-ly my Shep-herd and Guide He leads me where cool wa-ters  
 heav'n; In per-fect sub-mis-sion I fol-low a-long, For He is my Sav-ior and

bring-  
 bring-  
 King;

I bow'd in con-tri-tion to Je-sus, my Lord; Now the won-der-ful sto-ry I sing  
 My soul is re-fresh-ed as in Him I a-bide, And re-joic-ing His praise I sing  
 And when I have join'd with thy glor-ified throng then for-ever this theme I will sing

Sweet, sweet old sto-ry, oft has been told; Won-

der-ful sto-ry that nev-er grows old (never grows old)

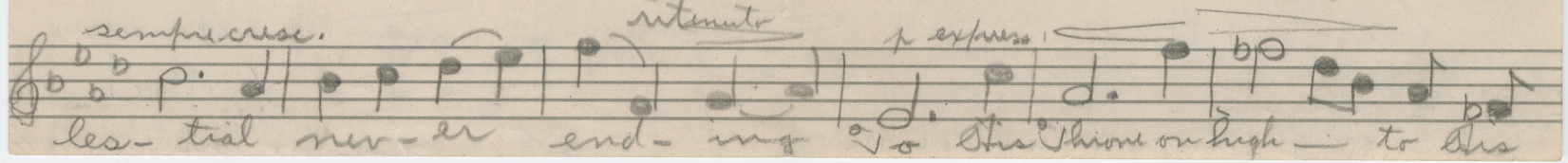
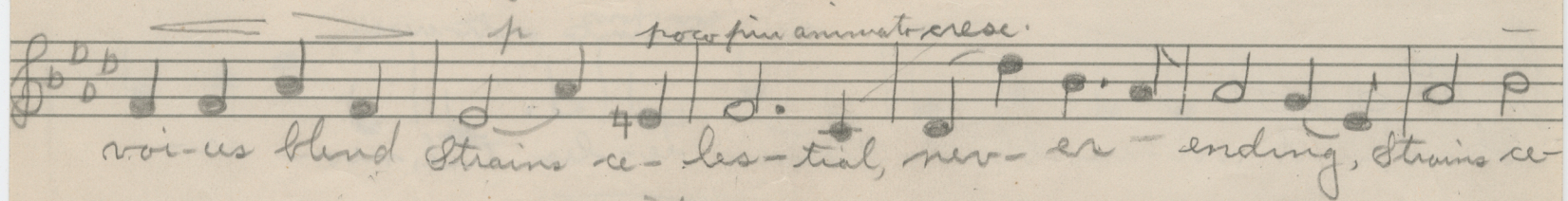
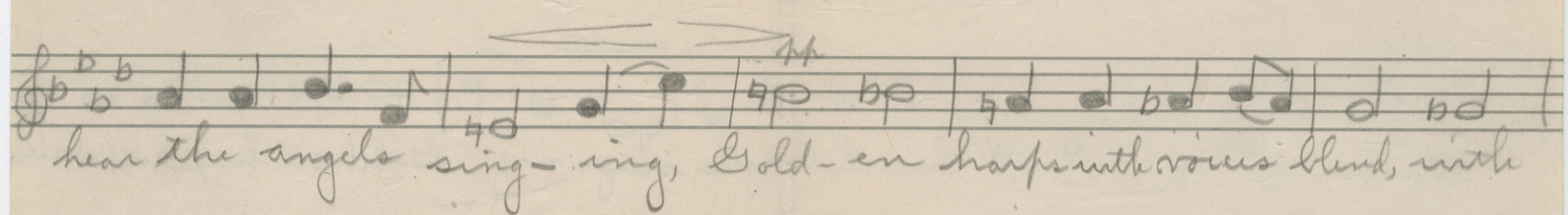
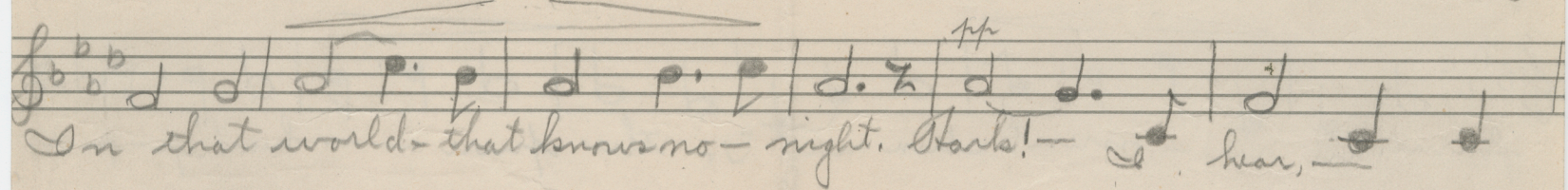
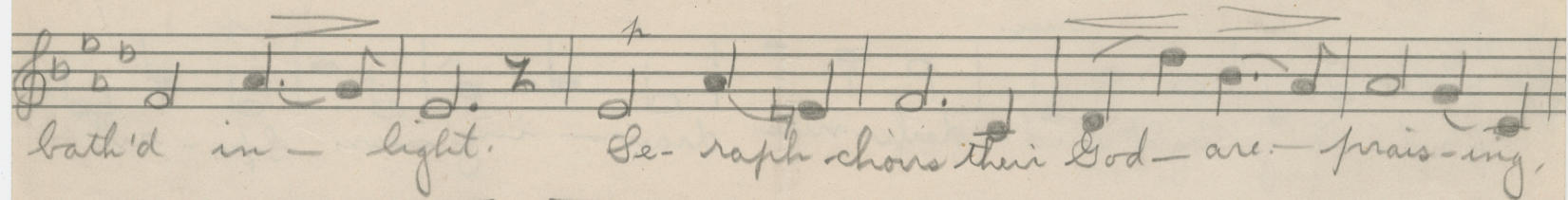
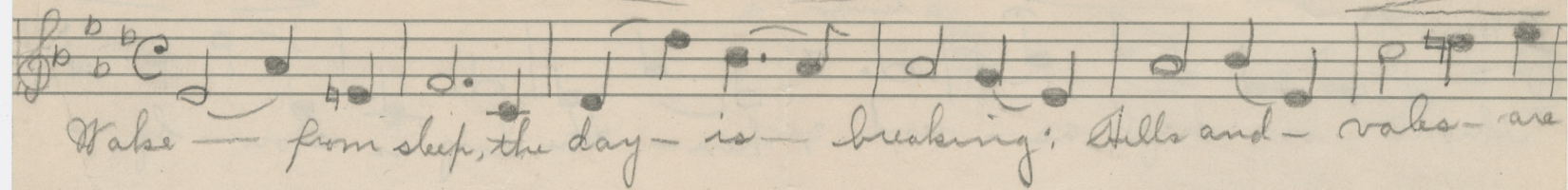






# Hymn To The Angels.

[90-001] 9





*more rit.* *a tempo.* *rit.*

Throne - on high as - end. When - the day is slow - ly -

*cresc.* *rit.*

fad - ing - Night and - dark - ness draw - ing near, Spir - it -

form - in ra - ment shin - ing O the pure - in heart ap - pear.

*mp* *mp*

Hark - I hear, - I hear the Angels sing - ing Gold - en harps with voice

*rit.* *more animato molto cresc.*

blind, with voi - ces blind, strains ce - les - tial, nev - er -

*ff.* *rit.* *exp. cresc.*

end - ing, strains ce - les - tial nev - er - end - ing O the Throne on







